

*The* *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**

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- **Good Neighbors Are Fun!—John Y. Elliott**
- **That First Day—Esther Mundhenke**

August 1951



# The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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## Fireside Chat . . .

The author of this month's study article, "Good Neighbors Are Fun," is John Y. Elliott, minister of the First Baptist Church of Lambertville, New Jersey. Both city and country dwellers alike will find this article a "must."

• • •

There are grand ideas in Louise Price Bell's "Operation—Redecorating." Aimed particularly at teen-age girls, the author gives instructions for practical face-lifting for a bedroom.

• • •

It takes time to be a family, Ronald Reed's theme in his article on page 14. The author is the minister of the First Christian Church at Kent, Ohio.

• • •

Next month's biographical sketch by Thomas Curtis Clark will be on Albert Einstein—don't miss it!

• • •

Planning any family gatherings? Any church suppers or neighborhood parties coming up? Be sure to see the "Just for Fun" section. Loie Brandom gives some hints on how to make the affair a great success for young and old. If you are looking for some new and entertaining games to play, you will have special interest in it.

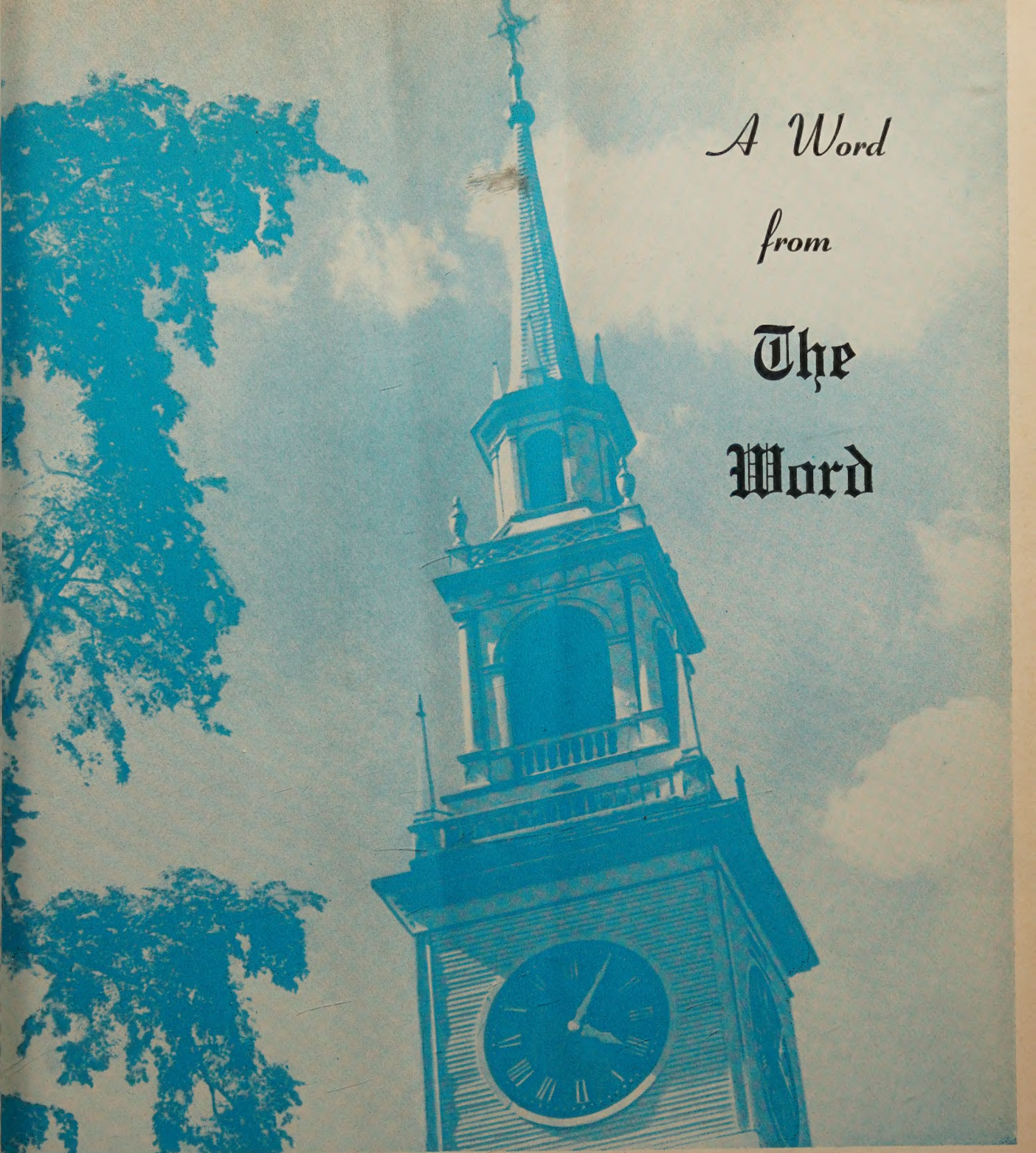
• • •

Esther Mundhenke discusses emotional stability in children, particularly in their ability to face new situations. "That First Day" will be of especial help to parents of children soon to begin school or Sunday school.

• • •

This is our last slim summer issue: next month finds *Hearthstone* back to 48 pages—fatter and fall-ish.





*A Word*

*from*

# The Word

—Religious News Service.

## *Things that are God's . . .*

The scribes and the chief priests tried to lay hands on him at that very hour, but they feared the people; for they perceived that he had told this parable against them. So they watched him, and sent spies, who pretended to be sincere, that they might take hold of what he said, so as to deliver him up to the authority and jurisdiction of the governor. They asked him, "Teacher, we know that you speak and teach rightly, and show no partiality, but truly

teach the way of God. Is it lawful for us to give tribute to Caesar, or not?" But he perceived their craftiness, and said to them, "Show me a coin. Whose likeness and inscription has it?" They said, "Caesar's." He said to them, "Then render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." And they were not able in the presence of the people to catch him by what he said; but marveling at his answer they were silent.

Luke 20:19-26





A neighborhood is more than  
just a geographical area. Read  
this, then look around you. Do you live in a locality  
or a neighborhood?

—General Mow

# *Good neighbors*



## By JOHN Y. ELLIOTT

NEIGHBORS ARE peculiar people. At least, it seems as though they have been causing trouble from the time of Abraham and Lot. Many centuries before Robert Frost ever considered the "why" of the old saying that good fences make good neighbors, our stalwart ancestors marked the boundary lines of their properties. They blazed trails in the wilderness, they heaped stones into piles, they set guards in the mountain passes—all to seal the covenants with their neighbors.

To be sure, Jesus spoke much about neighbors. An honest, friendly attitude toward your neighbor ranks second only to your love of God. Nevertheless, the model home of the Middle Ages was surrounded by an impressive moat to discourage any advances of one's neighbors, friendly or otherwise. Even in the seventeenth century Sir Edward Coke penned the words, "a man's house is his castle." Neighbors have had to be kept at a safe distance from the beginning of time.

Recently, this has become more and more difficult. The Industrial Revolution drew hordes of people to the metropolitan areas. The giant factories attracted the ever increasing population like a huge magnet. Families no longer needed enough acreage for a good garden and a couple of cows. Houses could be crowded together. Not only were they pushed together into regimented "row houses," they were even piled on top of one another and called apartments. New devices for avoiding one's neighbors had to be invented. Neighbors have been problems; they have also been a comfort and an inspiration; they have been fun!

*re fun!*

Where do you live? Is it a real neighborhood? Do you have good neighbors around you? Sociologists tell us that a real neighborhood is more than a geographical area. More than a locality, a neighborhood must have a cultural or social aspect. In the true neighborhood, there are direct personal contacts. Neighbors know each other by their first names, exchange accounts of their joys and sorrows, and are eager to help each other in time of crisis as well as working together on projects of common concern. A neighborhood is an intimate group where no introductions are necessary.

The quality of neighborhoods varies. Some communities attract a steady flow of enlightened, interesting families. Others are perennially shunned. What makes a neighborhood worthy? Attractive physical surroundings aid somewhat. The size or newness of the houses, the beauty of the lawns, and all the other attractive physical features are secondary to an elusive quality that lifts an ordinary neighborhood into a "good neighborhood." There are many communities in extremely wealthy areas where this social aspect is entirely missing. One town in Pennsylvania is composed of luxurious estates; yet there is no common shopping center, no church, only a very limited personal acquaintance between families. This area does not fulfill the requirements of a good neighborhood or community.

What makes the difference? Is not this quality or tone dependent primarily on the degree of acquaintance among the families? Some communities are proud of their popularity. In a small community in New Jersey, the townsfolk say, "If you ever lived here once and moved away, sooner or later you'll be back!" The neighborliness in that community grows out of the general friendship among families. For example, three young men decided to try and raise enough money for a television set for an arthritic invalid in the town. Literally overnight they secured over \$500. Almost everyone said, "If that's not enough, come back!" Everyone knew and admired the arthritic; they had complete confidence in the young man.

To be sure, the proximity of living in huge apartments and crowded row houses tends to make the occupants wary of developing any friendships. They fear the inquisitive neighbor who might take undue liberties and invade the sanctity of one's "castle." Apartment dwellers often lean over backwards to avoid their neighbors. This seclusiveness leads to many difficulties. It may encourage hatred. As Benjamin Franklin, they may hate the man on the opposite side of the street, because they do not know

*(Continued on page 28.)*



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INSTON

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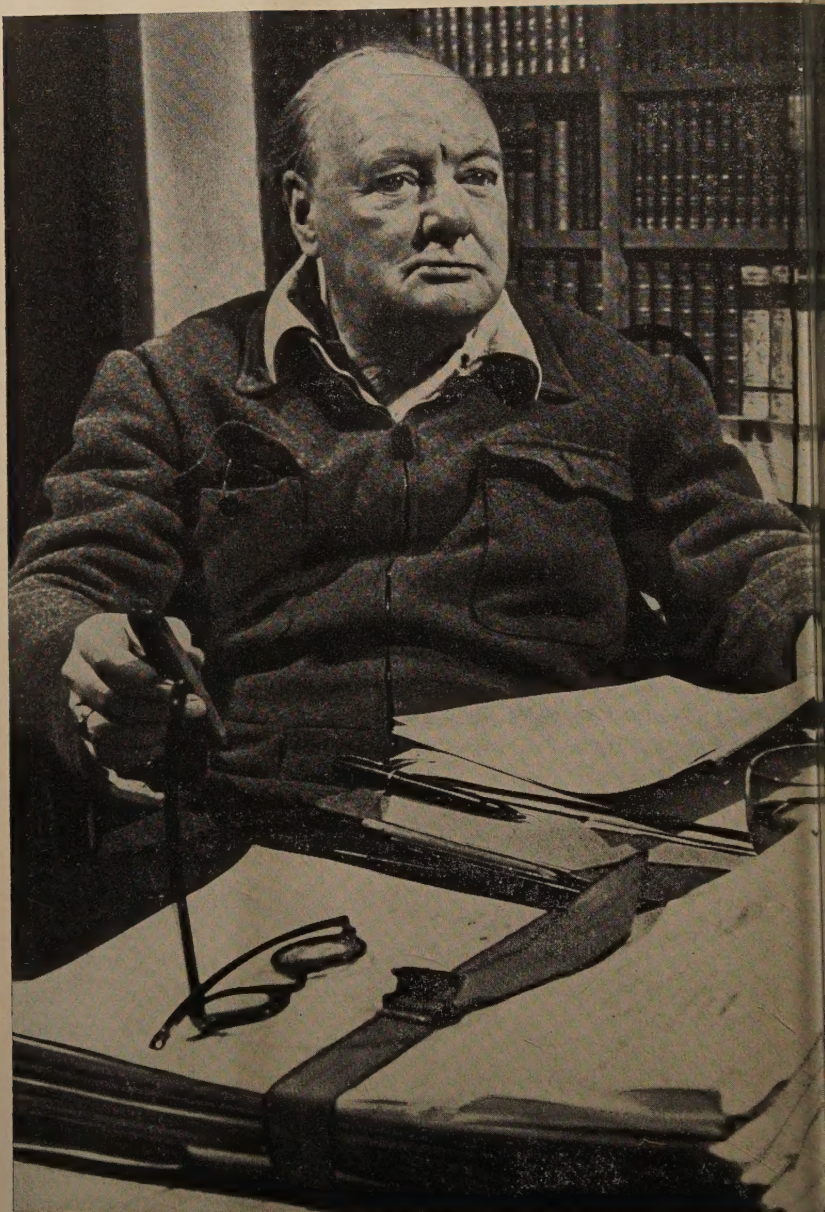
HURCHILL

*adventurer*

*and*

*statesman*

Winston Churchill shown working on his memoirs at his home in Chartwell, England.



—Acme



IF ONE were to write an article on only the national and world achievements of Winston Spencer Churchill, he would have fascinating material; for this amazing man even in his earlier years as a member of the British House of Commons registered some excellent victories. But there was so much in his life that it would be an injustice to his personality and career not to take account of his continuous adventures in life. For, very early in his story of his years of young manhood entitled *A Roving Commission*, he confides to his readers the fact that he had always looked upon life as an opportunity for Adventure with a capital A. And he, more than most men, took full advantage of the boundless opportunities that were his for stirring adventure in his world. Winston Churchill, unlike Thomas A. Edison and

Henry Ford, who were poor boys and were compelled to "begin at the bottom and work up," was the son of wealthy and influential parents, whose names loomed large in the life of England. His father was Lord Randolph Churchill, who at thirty-six was Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. His mother, an American girl, was famous for her beauty as well as for her social leadership.

The young lad began his education at St. James School, one of the most fashionable and expensive in England. There he spent two years, and if we are to believe his own story, he was not much of a student. He was bored by the dull routine of the school. And he hated Latin, which the teachers tried to inflict upon the helpless students. Finally, young Winston "fell into a low state of health," as he describes it, and was released from St. James. Upon his recovery, however, he was enrolled at the famous school where so many famous Britishers had studied—Harrow. There he spent his years from twelve to seventeen, of which three were passed in the Army class.

At Harrow, although the young aristocrat ranked usually among the lowest in his classes, he did find himself interested in mathematics and other subjects that looked forward to army service. And too, he liked English, in which he was later to become so proficient as a newspaper reporter and author. But the studies that had to do with his army career were his favorites. In his boyhood one of his hobbies was collecting toy soldiers, and even then he aspired to the life of an English soldier. He was to achieve his ambition.

For Winston Churchill's next educational experience was to be at Sandhurst, where military subjects were taught. It was about this time that the elder Churchill died, but his son went forward in his classes with an increasing interest, and after a time wore the uniform of a cadet. In the spring of 1895 he was gazetted to the 4th Hussars, and Winston now felt that he was truly a soldier, with great adventures before him.

Adventure was waiting. For the Spanish government was having trouble in Cuba, and Winston applied for permission to visit Cuba that he might at last see some action. He was thrilled with Cuba and with the battles he witnessed there. Not long after his return to England, there was a call for soldiers to go to India, and young Churchill was among those selected to go. In India he saw little fighting, but he did learn a great deal, as he traveled through the big country in intense heat. It was while he was in India that he made a real start at what was to be his most stirring avocation for many years. His mother arranged that letters from him should be published in the London *Daily Telegraph*, and the reporter was to be paid five pounds per column!

Returning from India to London, the youthful correspondent had but a short rest. For Lord Kitchener was in Egypt, and battles were being fought which should be reported. And the name of Winston Churchill began to be rather famous, at-

*Soldier, lecturer, war*

*correspondent, author*

*—these are but a few*

*of the achievements in*

*the career of this*

*renowned statesman: the*

*man who, newly elected*

*Prime Minister, magnetized*

*the world with the*

*words "I have nothing*

*to offer you except*

*blood, toil, tears and*

*sweat."*

**By THOMAS CURTIS CLARK**



tached as it was to stirring reports of victories and defeats. And now he was to write books. He very soon had the story of affairs in Egypt in a book, which he called *The River War*.

But the great adventure was yet to come. In 1899 the English were facing a revolution among the Boers in South Africa. And, to the delight of the young reporter, the *Morning Post* of London appointed him war correspondent in South Africa, with a salary of 250 pounds—more than one thousand per month. In the Boer War, Churchill got into the fighting and acquitted himself well. When he was taken prisoner, and later escaped, his fame flared in his home country. And he wrote another book about his experiences in South Africa.

**B**UT NOW a new idea came into the active mind of Winston Churchill. He would become a lecturer. So off he went, arranging for lectures in many cities in Great Britain. When his informative, exciting British lectures were finished he had banked over 4,500 pounds. Then to America! In New York he was introduced by the famous Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain. Some cities greeted him cordially, others turned him down. But, he reported, at the end of his lecturing experience he had ten thousand pounds to turn over to his bank! Quite an adventure!

## *Kitchen Music*

Copper pans, aluminum,  
Kettle's whistle, beater's hum,  
Curtains blowing, trees outside,  
New recipe that's being tried;  
A host of daily tasks to do,  
Little duties seldom through,  
Yet the heart is singing low  
As hands knead the fluffy dough;  
Uplifted while they stir and bake  
A golden loaf of fragrant cake.  
Kitchen music, kitchen things,  
Even here the heart has wings.

—LOUISE DARCY

**In a small Oregon town [Eugene P. Bertin of the Pennsylvania State Education Association writes], the children were told there would be no school the next day because of a teachers' institute.**

**Johnny excitedly reported to his parents: "No school tomorrow. The teachers are going on an innocent toot."**

**From the NEA Journal**

And now Winston Churchill, soldier, war correspondent, and lecturer, was ready to get into his great task, politics. In 1900 he was elected to the House of Commons, where he very soon became well known for his brilliant oratory and telling campaigning for good causes. He mingled with famous statesmen, and by 1909 he had become a great power in the Liberal Party.

When trouble began to brew with Germany, after 1910, Churchill thought he saw war coming. David Lloyd George, leader from Wales, opposed this view. But very soon Churchill was named Lord of the Admiralty and he set about building cruisers and fast battleships. It was he who suggested the building of tanks for ground warfare. When the World War I came, he did what was very natural for him—he enlisted for service at the front. But it was not long before he was made Minister of Munitions; then Secretary of War and Air; and when victory at last arrived, credit was everywhere given to the dynamic leader who had ever been in the van of the campaigns.

From 1924 to 1929 Churchill was named Chancellor of the Exchequer, and through the years following he was one of the most useful and influential of British leaders.

This present generation is better acquainted with the career of Winston Churchill during the years of the second World War. It was he who most violently opposed Chamberlain's appeasement of Hitler. In 1939 he was named Lord of the Admiralty, thus taking charge of naval operations, and in 1940, when the Germans marched through Holland and Belgium, he was made Prime Minister.

In Churchill's first speech before Parliament after he became Prime Minister, he startled the world which heard him over the radio, by his amazing words: "I have nothing to offer you except blood, toil, tears and sweat." And those words stirred all freedom-loving humanity. Following the war came the conferences at Yalta and other famous cities with President Roosevelt and Stalin.

Winston Churchill still lives. Though out of politics, he writes books, paints, and keeps up with sports. He can look back upon a great career—the career of an amazing adventurer.



# that first day

By ESTHER MUNDHENKE

**M**OST ADULTS can remember facing many new experiences with uncertainty and even with fear. If they can remember their childhood they will realize that children have many feelings of insecurity. It is of vital importance to recognize the tremendous number of new experiences in the life of a child.

No two children will respond to new situations in the same way, but each will react according to his temperament and previous experience. If his life has been a happy one, with parents who have given love and understanding and have taught independence and self-reliance, he will not have too much trouble with most new experiences. But if he has met with inconsistencies and insecurity he will probably meet his experiences in an unpredictable way. One thing we must remember is that there are reasons for the differences in adjustment. We must face the reasons behind a child's behavior if we are to be of any help to him in meeting his problems.

We are all familiar with the parent bringing his child to Sunday school or Nursery School for the first time, who is surprised, humiliated, and greatly perturbed when his child does not enter into the new experience with enthusiasm. Oftentimes when a child clings to his mother, hides his face in her lap or cries convulsively, many parents attempt in various ways, all usually futile, to force their child to adjust himself to the new situation. Many parents will express their surprise and impatience to the teacher within their child's hearing.

When your child is sud-



—Hering.

denly introduced into a new experience it should result in one more step taken toward maturity. For in his final mastery of the situation he builds self-confidence. He will feel satisfaction and will eventually lose himself in the new project. This does not mean that he will rush into the new situation; he will probably be hesitant until he becomes familiar with it. This hesitation is not uncertainty, but rather indicates a healthy attitude. Your child is looking over the situation in order to know how to adjust to it. If he rushes in too quickly he may make a premature adjustment and not fit in as he had expected. He wants to feel sure of himself. In other words, we are saying that a child must feel secure in his world at home in order to meet new situations in a confident manner. This feeling of security and of well-being comes naturally if a child's needs are being fulfilled. Some parents are often shocked when they realize that their child's behavior problems are caused by a feeling of insecurity. These parents may provide for every physical and material need of their child, but they do not realize the importance of his emotional needs and perhaps are not even consciously aware of them.

Some parents cannot accept a child as he is but insist on comparing him with what they think he should be. Mrs. Jones cannot accept the fact that five-year-old Mary is shy, and has not learned to go away from home without either her mother or her best friend. Her mother was irritated with Mary when she refused to go to Sunday



school after her friend moved away. Mrs. Jones very reluctantly came to Sunday school with Mary one Sunday. She refused to believe the teacher's suggestion that it would be helpful to come with Mary a few Sundays as it would take Mary some time to overcome her dependence on her friend. Instead of accepting the problem and allowing the child time to forget her fear of being alone, Mrs. Jones scolded her daughter, increasing her uneasiness. Mary, as would be expected, refused to enter any activity and just clung to her mother.

Another factor which often brings fear of new experiences is lack of consistency on the part of the parents. Johnny jumps and races through the house one day and mother says nothing. The next day mother has a headache or feels irritable and Johnny is scolded for the same actions that were acceptable the day before. He does not understand and is confused. If this type of handling is habitual, a child may become fearful and afraid to try new things or more likely he becomes boisterous and unruly, apparently thinking, "I never know what my mother will let me do, so what is the use?"

Children, to avoid the uncertainty and insecurity of such situations, put up what psychologists call defense mechanisms.

The most common defense is probably "showing off." Your child is met with a situation in which he feels ill at ease or may feel entirely unable to meet the situation at all. So he tries to compensate for his feelings of uncertainty by loud talking, telling tall tales, or perhaps turning somersaults or some other equally rowdy behavior. Often the behavior is unlike anything he has ever done before. He seems to be saying, "See, I can do *this* even if I cannot do what I am supposed to do." If he is constantly put in situations where he feels unable to fit in easily, he develops the habit of showing off.

Children may also find defense in extreme passiveness. This is usually caused by too many difficult demands being made on a child.

What then can parents do to help the child develop normally, meeting new situations as a part of the growing-up process?

1. Examine the family relationship, checking to see that each member is healthy, happy, and making progress in solving his own problems.

2. Anticipate any known new experiences that the child may likely have and plan in advance to help him meet them successfully. Starting school or Sunday school, going to a new doctor's office, having his tonsils out, moving to a new home, or losing his favorite playmates are all common experiences that may shake the child's confidence if he is not prepared in advance.

3. It is important that a child begin early to feel the pleasure of acquiring new accomplishments and maturing. Especially is this important where there are several children in the family. Each child should feel proud of each step in the process of growing up. He has learned to tie his shoe; he is learning to make his bed neatly. This sense of accomplishment builds confidence.

# the ten of GOOD

## I

I will respect all men and women regardless of race and religion.

## II

I will protect and defend my neighbor and my neighbor's children against the ravages of racial or religious bigotry.

## III

I will exemplify in my own life the spirit of goodwill and understanding.

## IV

I will challenge the philosophy of racial superiority by whomsoever it may be proclaimed whether they be kings, dictators or demagogues.

## V

I will not be misled by the lying propaganda of those who seek to set race against race or nation against nation.



# commandments

## WILL

### VI

I will refuse to support any organization that has for its purpose the spreading of anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, or anti-Protestantism.

### VII

I will establish comradeship with those who seek to exalt the spirit of love and reconciliation throughout the world.

### VIII

I will attribute to those who differ from me the same degree of sincerity that I claim for myself.

### IX

I will uphold the civil rights and religious liberties of all citizens and groups whether I agree with them or not.

### X

I will do more than live and let live—I will live and help live.

—Dr. Walter W. VanKirk

4. It is also important that a child's new experience be adjusted to his level of development. Many conscientious parents push their children into new experiences too rapidly. Parents sometimes feel that if the timid child can have dancing lessons or some other activity he will lose his timidity. Occasionally a child does become absorbed in the new activity and gains self-confidence but very often the behavior problem is not solved but only increased. It is sometimes helpful if parents bring other children into the home to play, gradually enlarging their child's circle of friends, thus building up self-confidence. Later he will be ready for more mature experiences.

5. Try to relate the strange new situation to a familiar one. Perhaps a small playmate can accompany him, or one of his most beloved toys. If your child is going to school or Sunday school for the first time, you could arrange for a visit ahead of time and perhaps examine the room and equipment in order to feel somewhat familiar with it before the first day of school.

6. Face the new situation honestly and objectively, and be honest in dealing with the child, teaching him to accept things as they are but helping him to work out the problem.

If your child must transfer to a new school you should admit to him that it is difficult to change schools, but he is a big boy and can do it. Help him work out the difficulty. He may meet some new playmates ahead of time and go with them to school. You and his teacher may plan some way to help your child be accepted by the group. If he can share something he has with the group that they will really enjoy, it may make him feel he belongs. He cannot be self-confident if he does not feel a part of the group.

7. Bringing a favorite book or toy from home may give the child self-confidence. Make certain that it is acceptable at school and approved by the teacher.

8. Sometimes young children may need their mother to stay with them at least part of the first day, if not longer. A mother may suggest that her child tell her when to go home. He may accept the challenge and send his mother home willingly when he feels the responsibility is his own.

9. Check on the physical demands of the new experience beforehand so that the child may meet the standards approved by the school and not feel different. This applies even to having similar clothes and possibly hair-do.

We cannot always be sure our children are ready to meet all new experiences but we can prepare them as best we know. Our children must learn to solve their own problems and we would not want to take the challenges of life away from them.

We can, by our own confidence and careful planning, give our children the help they need to meet life's everyday problems. We must continually remind ourselves that they learn through solving problems and we must not overprotect them. As we watch them meet the problems that challenge them at their level of maturity we will enjoy seeing them develop healthy, happy, confident personalities.





Gladys May found her tear-stained face and looked into the eyes of a queenly creature in a shiny dress.



# THE P I G AND THE

## PRIMA DONNA

By FRANCES DUNLAP HERON

ILLUSTRATION BY LESLIE BENSON

THE DAY—rather the night—this night, August 27, 1916. On the kitchen calendar underneath the picture of the beautiful mother holding her baby and a single rose, the date was red, just like Washington's birthday and Christmas. How appropriate, thought Gladys May. But, of course, all Sundays were red.

"When are you going to get ready, Mamma?"

Mamma brushed by to scald a cream bucket. "Why don't you sit down in the other room?" she scolded. "Want to get your dress all spattered up?"

Gladys May didn't care at all for the dress she was wearing—a black and white voile cut down to ten-and-a-half-year size from one of Aunt May's. But tonight she didn't complain, for at eight o'clock she would replace it with the bright embroidered costume of a Spanish senorita! She scurried into the living room and glanced at the clock. She'd been ready since six and here it was seven! Why didn't mamma and papa hurry?

Miss Humphrey said to be at the Chautauqua tent early. It would take fifteen minutes to drive into town in the surrey, the very fastest old Tom could travel. If only they had an automobile! But whenever papa mentioned an automobile, mamma put her foot down.

At last mamma was going into the bedroom to change her dress. To make the time pass faster Gladys May reread the Chautauqua program—as though she didn't know it by heart! The magician,

the musical drama, Kryl's band—it had been a wonderful week—and now tonight in addition to the Junior Chautauqua children's pageant, the gorgeous singer, La Nita, "famed on three continents . . . has sung before the crowned heads of Europe."

What if she, Gladys May Hunter of Rydale, Missouri, should be a famous singer someday? The Sunday school teacher said she had a good voice. Or a writer? Her poem on "Spring" was the best in the sixth grade last term. Perhaps she'd better stick to the writing. Mamma and papa would never hear to her going on the stage.

Seven-twenty! Papa was rubbing up his shoes and mamma was putting on her—yes, her best white waist! In exultation over her family's belated recognition of the evening's importance, Gladys May broke into the Spanish dance steps of her pageant role.

Mamma stuck her head through the door. "That looks like real dancing to me," she speculated. "I still wonder, Papa, if she ought to—"

"But, Mamma," Gladys May broke in frantically. "I've told you over and over—Miss Humphrey says this is folk dancing, like the people in Spain do just to show they're happy."

Surely they couldn't—they wouldn't—stop her now! Not after the adroit battle she had been forced to wage all week.

First, there had been the hours of suspense while mamma and papa weighed the question of allowing her to attend the morning Chautauqua feature for



children. "Why anybody wants to traipse a mile and a quarter in the hot sun to hear a woman tell a story, I don't know!" Mamma had argued even after papa had said Gladys May could go—then in a moment of tenderness had let her carry the little pink rose parasol she'd earned picking raspberries. Mamma was funny—it seemed she just liked to be against things.

Then there had been the smugness and clannishness of the Town Kids to combat: Frank Buchanan elected mayor of Junior Town, Dorothea Pollard, Pageant Queen, with only Maxine Goldstein, daughter of the men's store proprietor, to share the back seats with her. (There was, however, the blissful morning of the Junior Town outdoor breakfast when Frank Buchanan said to her, "Pass the rolls, will you?")

Again, after Gladys May and Maxine were chosen Spanish girls because they were "dark complected" (a characteristic mamma deplored), mamma and papa had spent the entire evening meal of fried pork shoulder and scrambled eggs discussing the dancing aspect. When papa finally had said that he guessed if the Pollards and the Buchanans let their children be in the pageant, it must be all right, Gladys May had resolved to dust the parlor, scrub the porch, and clean the henhouse to show her appreciation.

What if, now at the last moment, mamma should decide that only William Jennings Bryan and Opie Read were proper Chautauqua entertainment—but wait. Gladys May, who had stopped skipping and was desperately combing her bobbed brown hair for the third time, heard papa saying in the bedroom, "Now, Mamma, let the child alone. You know how she's counted on this."

Why didn't they hurry? Gladys May ran and climbed into the surrey. At last mamma and papa joined her. Papa flicked old Tom with the whip and—but whoa, what was that noise? A frenzied squeal from the east pasture. "One of them pigs caught under the gate again," muttered papa and he gave mamma the lines to hold and hurried in the direction of the barn.

This final delay caused Gladys May to fidget all the way to town. Why did she have to live on an old farm? Why couldn't she be a Town Kid? What if she were late for the pageant! As she tore away from her parents at the Chautauqua entrance, papa called, "Well, we'll be looking for you on the platform."

THE DRESSING room back of the platform buzzed with activity. Miss Humphrey was rummaging through the trunks while Maxine stood near by.

"At last!" Miss Humphrey exclaimed. "The Spanish costumes. Oh, but there's only one!" She looked again. "We had them both at the last town."

She shook out the folds of a dazzling flowered shawl of red and blue with black fringe, which she handed to Maxine. "You were here first."

Maxine hesitated, glancing at Gladys May wistfully, sympathetically.

"You were—here first," nodded Gladys May.

Miss Humphrey patted her hand. "You won't mind too much, will you, dear?"

A blur of gaily dressed girls and boys chattered all about Gladys May. Dorothea Pollard's mother adjusted Dorothea's crown. Kurt Fischer daringly strutted around in his German uniform—a choice that had shocked his friends into scathing denunciations of the Kaiser. French, Russian, Japanese, Dutch, almost every large nation was represented except Turkey. Nobody would be a Turk.

Miss Humphrey signaled for quiet. The loud beating of Gladys May's heart seemed to emphasize the truth in her turbulent mind: "You—aren't—in—the—pageant." She fled from the tent, stumbled in the dark over a guy rope, dropped into the cool grass. Here she could give way to dry, choked sobbing.

*I can't stand it! If only I'd got here first—that mean old pig under the gate! "You won't mind too much." Mamma and papa waiting to see me on the platform. Oh, I wish I were a Town Kid. . . .*

"What's the matter, little girl?"

Startled, Gladys May raised her tear-stained face to see a queenly creature in a shiny dress.

"Tell me your trouble," coaxed the apparition's gentle voice.

Gladys May yielded. "I didn't get to be in the pageant. They couldn't find my costume."

"That's too bad, but crying won't help, will it? There's a private dressing room here where you can tell me all about it."

In the dim light of the dressing room Gladys May saw that the exquisite lady had something sparkling in her fluffy hair and *no sleeves* in her yellow dress. Her cheeks were pink and she smelled like flowers.

Haltingly Gladys May unburdened her heart about the lost costume, the pig under the gate, and the Town Kids.

"Mamma says I'll never be anybody as long as I live on a farm."

"Work hard at school and you can be what you want," her listener insisted. "You're bright. You'll know some things city children never heard of. . . . You didn't tell me your name."

"Gladys May Hunter. What's yours?"

"La Nita."

"Oh-h!" gasped Gladys May. La Nita, who had sung before crowned heads! "I—I'd better go."

"Please don't. I know just how you feel. I grew up on a farm in Indiana, near Sunrise Creek."

"But I—thought—"

**He is twice conqueror who conquers  
himself in the moment of victory.**

**Publius Syrus**



## AFTER A BUNGLED DAY

Dear Heavenly Father: So much I meant to do today for Thee. But it all went wrong. It was beautiful in the garden early when I went to pick the flowers for our friend in the hospital. But then I found the cutworms had been busy in the night and I had to take time to spray the plants again. The kitchen was fragrant as the cake browned high in the oven. Yet I dropped and splintered into cutting fragments the plate which was to take it to the church bazaar. So the weary day has gone, lost in irritating trivialities. I am too tired to pray aright for all the important things which matter. Please just take this tangled day and bless its pure intent. Help me to try again tomorrow losing not the creative spirit and hope with which Thou hast formed the world in which we live and work. Amen.

By RUTH C. IKERMAN

"You thought I came from some mysterious far-away place. La Nita is my made-up name for the stage. My real name is Blanche Barnes. I know about pigs that get caught under gates, Gladys May. You've brought Sunrise Creek back to me. Tonight I shall think of it—and you. Here, let's dry those eyes."

Blissfully Gladys May submitted to a yellow lace handkerchief that smelled like lilacs. She watched in worshipful adoration as La Nita drew from her evening bag a postcard photograph of herself, on which she wrote: "August 27, 1916. To Gladys May Hunter. Good luck from one farm girl to another. La Nita."

"Promise me you'll keep that chin up," said La Nita. "I'll look for you when I sing."

Gladys May nodded. La Nita caught her in a quick embrace. "Good-by, dear."

FROM THE PLATFORM a few minutes later La Nita's eyes found Gladys May squeezed into a front seat. The audience cheered each solo with deafening approval.

"My last number," the prima donna announced, is "Home, Sweet Home," dedicated to a little girl in the audience. I met her tonight and she reminded me of home."

Prickles of ecstasy swept over Gladys May as the

crowd blended tears with applause.

Wide awake but inattentive, she sat through a Senator's vigorous lecture on keeping the United States out of war. She was already at the surrey when her parents appeared.

"Well," snapped mamma, "what happened?"

"There weren't enough costumes."

"Turned out to be a lot of foolishness just as I said in the first place."

Curled up in the back seat, Gladys May let her dreams race far ahead of Old Tom's slow trot.

"Wasn't La Nita beautiful?" she sighed.

"Yes," mamma agreed reluctantly, "and she was modest."

"A wonderful singer, too," papa added.

"I suppose," mamma surmised, "it was Dorothea Pollard she dedicated the song to."

Gladys May clutched the picture concealed in her lap. Should she tell? No, let it be a beautiful secret to dream about—at least for a while. Maybe some time . . .

From her second-floor window Gladys May smiled sociably at the moon.

Downstairs mamma blew out the lamp.

"Kind of surprised me Gladys May didn't take on about being left out of the pageant," she remarked to papa as she climbed into bed. "It just goes to show kids don't feel things much."



*We must work*

*together, play*

*together, and*

*live together*

*to really be-*

*come a family*

it takes



RONALD R. REED

DAD, I want to talk with you," said Jim, the sixteen-year-old youth of a family of four, one evening as his father rose to leave the table after supper.

"I can't now, Son, there's a labor meeting tonight in fifteen minutes and I have just time to make it. I really must run along; I hope it's not too important."

"But Dad, it is important. I *must* talk to you!"

"But this labor meeting is important, Son, and I really must be there. It's my duty. Some other time, Son."

Dad really doesn't want to put off his son, yet Jim feels that he is being put off, because he has an important question he wants to discuss with his dad, and his dad doesn't seem to have time for it.

William Lawson said enthusiastically at the family dinner table one evening, "I have tickets to go to the community playhouse this Friday night. We will all go as a family, and I'm sure that we'll all enjoy it!"

"But, Dad—" Bill and Jane, fourteen- and sixteen-year-olds, respectively, chorused immediately. Bill added after hesitating for Jane to speak, "That's the night of the basketball game with Plum City. You know that that's the big game of the year and we can't possibly go with you Friday night."

So Mr. and Mrs. Lawson managed to find two of their friends who could use the two extra tickets, while their teen-agers went to watch the basketball game. But Mr. Lawson was hurt, for he had thought that he was giving his family an unusual treat by buying tickets to the new play in town. He just wasn't appreciated by his family. The children cer-

tainly demonstrated that by not wanting to go with him and their mother on this night when he expected the family to be together.

Isolated cases? I should say not. This sort of thing happens regularly in any American family. There isn't time to talk over matters; even important ones. There isn't time for the family to get acquainted; there isn't time to live together; to play together; to *be* together. The teen-agers have schools, their youth groups, and their friends. The telephone is busy almost every minute of the time that they are in the house. They are more concerned with their social activities and their school than they are with their family.

Dad and Mother aren't much better, for they are busy too. Mother with her church work, her club activities, her community projects, her cooking, and her housecleaning. She has little time to give to anything else, especially long talks with her children. Dad—well, he's on the church board; he's serving on the Community Chest this year; he's a member of his labor union and has been elected to a position of trust and must fulfill his obligations. Besides that, his job takes eight hours a day out of his time. Also, he is improving the house, and beautifying the lawn. No, there just isn't time enough for all the activities that should be done.

There can be time for family matters if an effort is made to find the time it takes for the members of a family to become acquainted. It is necessary to work together, to play together, and to live together to become a family. A family can be composed of strangers even if they do eat and sleep in the same house. It takes more than that to build a family.



HOW ON earth can we find the time? Our days are so busy that many of us may feel that we do not have time to be a family. The question is not that we do not have enough time, but that we do not use our time wisely. How do we solve this problem of the use of our time? How can we live each day so that our family has a place in it?

Mr. Lawson, in the incident recorded above, came home expecting to surprise his family and instead received a jolt when his announcement was not received with enthusiasm. His intentions were the best, but he did not consider the schedules of the other members of the family before he planned his surprise. If he had chosen a night when there had been nothing else scheduled for his family, or when they could have re-arranged their schedules without difficulty, they would have accepted the tickets with enthusiasm.

The schedules of each member of the family may be cleared each week, at a designated time, so that each person knows what is on the calendar for every other member. Now this is not a foolproof plan, for there will be unexpected appointments coming up. Perhaps Dad's labor union will telephone him about a special meeting, giving him about two hours' notice. If it is important, then Dad's schedule will have to be adjusted to allow for this.

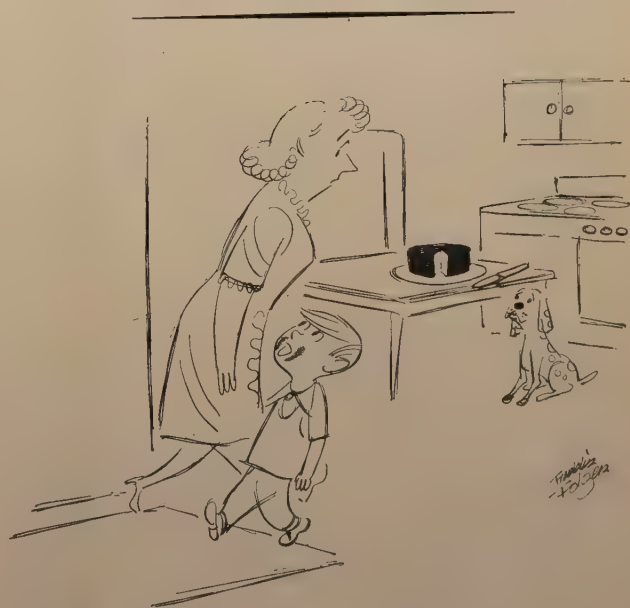
This is the beginning of a family council, this sitting down and clearing time schedules. From it may come the discussion of other family problems. Helen, a fourteen-year-old youngster in a family of six, may want her allowance increased to more than her share. This may be brought up in the council, not as a disciplinary problem but as a question of sharing the family income. When all heads are put to it, Helen will not feel that she is being browbeaten, but she will become conscious that there are others in the family besides herself, and they too must have money. Someone has said "no problems, no growing edge." This is true in families as well as it is true in individuals. It is at the point of grappling with problems together and not separately that the family can develop the richest fellowship and love and understanding of one another.

Since we have only twenty-four hours in each day, there are some things we would like to do that are not going to be done. We have to make a choice of all the different types of activities in which we can engage. This choice ought not to be made by one individual but by the entire family. Each member has to decide that the family is important and must be allotted time within the week's schedule. Teen-agers are apt to forget this for they are more concerned with their own particular interests than they are with giving themselves to their family. How easy it is to forget that it can be fun to be with Dad and Mother and Brother and Sister.

The problem that Jim, who wanted to talk with his father, presents is a problem peculiar to many families. The solution should be simple. Some may say

that Dad ought to give up his labor meeting in order to talk to his son, if it is a serious problem. But Dad's labor meeting can be just as important as Jim's problem. Dad could straighten the difficulty by saying, "Jim, I have to go to a labor meeting now, but let's make an appointment to talk about this problem that you have. Is it so important that it has to be discussed tonight? If so, let's talk about it when I come home from the labor meeting. If it is not that urgent, let's postpone it until tomorrow evening, when I will have plenty of time." This would let Jim know that he and his problem are important to Dad. We make appointments with other people, why don't we make appointments with the members of our family?

It's a glorious thing to be a member of a family. It is a privilege that is accorded only to the inner circle. It is something that has within it the potentialities of the richest fellowship existing. It has its sore points; its frictions. Brother and sister, and brother and brother may be at odds with each other; may vie with each other for authority, position, prestige, and the attention of the family. Sometimes Dad and Mother are vying for recognition and their proper place within the family. If we will spend enough time to understand the needs and desires of each member of the family, and will discuss frankly our problems until a solution can be reached democratically, we will be a long way toward becoming a Christian family. Let's not fool ourselves into thinking that we can accomplish the family unity that we desire and the fellowship and love that makes for a Christian family without giving time to achieving them. It does take time; but it is time that is well spent.



"Too late—he already cut it and ate it."



## God Is in the Dark

God is in the dark,  
Always He is near;  
Know this in my heart  
So I shall have no fear.

God is in this room,  
Although there is no light,  
And I am not afraid  
Of darkness or of night!

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

## Good Morning, God

Good morning, God, I'm glad to wake  
And see the morning light.  
It's good to know that you are here  
And have been through the night.  
Today with you I will be strong—  
I'll gladly do my part,  
Because with you I start the day  
With singing in my heart.<sup>1</sup>

—VIRGIE EVANS ROGERS

## I Would Be True

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;  
I would be pure, for there are those who care;  
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;  
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;  
I would be giving, and forget the gift;  
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;  
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

—HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER

## Prayer

Our Father, we thank thee for thy wonderful goodness to us. We pray with all our hearts that we may be made worthy of thy love. We pray for humility and simple faith. We pray for strength and courage that in all things thy will may be done through us. Bless thy children everywhere, this day. Amen.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>From *Story World*. Copyright, Judson Press. Used by permission.

## WORSHIP IN

with You



## Worshipping

Fear is and has always been a universal experience. No one ever reaches the place where he is completely free from fear. In times of national international strain and stress, fear becomes spread and cripples one's ability to do work.

Children are greatly affected by the fears of adults in their world, even though they do not understand the cause of the fear. Parents try to protect their children from fear by avoiding any discussion of it in front of them. They communicate by their attitudes the very fears they try to suppress. If your children can understand the reason for your fear, all of you will be better. Take them into your confidence, discuss them together, then use all the resources at your command to overcome it.

Likewise, children sense a feeling of trust in part of their parents. If you trust implicitly in God in the face of any and all circumstances, your children are the more likely to be brave and courageous in the face of any situation.

Frankly admitting that fear is known to help a child face fear and avoid a feeling of inferiority because of it. Ridiculing will drive it only deeper, and may intensify it.

Tell your child that from the beginning men have been afraid, but that there has been a source of strength and bravery with which to meet fears. Read with him the poems on these pages. Read from your Bible, with your child, the assurances God gave to his people.

And the Lord appeared unto him, and said, Go not down into Egypt; dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of: sojourn in this land, and I will be with thee, and will bless thee.

—Genesis 26

And the Lord appeared unto him . . . and said, I am the God of Abraham thy father: fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee.

—Genesis 2



# Children



## ugh Courage

be strong and of good courage, fear not,  
neither be affrighted . . . for the Lord thy God,  
it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail  
thee, nor forsake thee.

—Deuteronomy 31:6.

only be strong and very courageous, to observe  
all according to all the law, which Moses my  
father commanded thee: turn not from it to  
the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest  
have good success whithersoever thou goest.

—Joshua 1:7.

Wait for the Lord:

be strong, and let thy heart take courage,  
yes, wait thou for the Lord.

—Psalm 27:14.

God is our refuge and strength,  
a very present help in trouble.  
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth  
do change,  
and though the mountains be shaken into the  
heart of the seas;  
though the waters thereof roar and be  
troubled,  
though the mountains tremble with the swell-  
ing thereof.

—Psalm 46:1-3.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not  
dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen  
thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold  
thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

—Isaiah 41:10.

Never before in our history, children need  
assurance and courage. As you yourself feel  
dependence in God's continuing care, your child  
earn to say with the psalmist,  
What time I am afraid,  
I will put my trust in thee.

—Psalm 56:3.

## Father, Lead Me Day by Day

Father, lead me day by day,  
Ever in Thine own sweet way;  
Teach me to be pure and true,  
Show me what I ought to do.

When in danger, make me brave,  
Make me know that Thou canst save;  
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;  
Let me in Thy love abide.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,  
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;  
And when all alone I stand,  
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

—JOHN P. HOPPS

## Faith in God

God's will for us is only good  
If we have ears to hear;  
If we have hearts to hear Him speak  
There is no cause for fear.

By following His counseling  
There are no lonely days;  
Our paths are all assured for us  
When He directs our ways.

In crises and extremities  
He will be very near;  
What more assurance could we ask  
Than to know our Lord is here.

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

## Prayer

Before us even as behind we know thy loving care,  
our Father. We thank thee for hearing our un-  
spoken prayers and answering them. We thank thee  
for growing realization of our own spiritual natures.  
We feel thy presence and know thou wilt never for-  
sake us. Grant that we may be wise enough never  
to forsake thee. We want to grow more and more  
into the image of thy spirit in which we are created.  
Amen.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup>From *Father, We Thank Thee* by William Clough. Copyright 1949 by  
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# BLACKBERRY TIME

## in piney forest



*Cuddle Bear ran to share  
his wonderful blackberry  
idea with Cinnamon Bear*

**I**T WAS summertime in Piney Forest. The air was sweet with pine scent and lively bird-song.

Cuddle Bear had started to climb Stoney Hill to the canyon where some sassafras bushes grew. Cuddle Bear loved the spicy sassafras bark. But the sun was so warm on the hillside that Cuddle Bear turned back.

"I'll go down to the thicket where it is cool," he decided.

But Cuddle Bear was hungry, too. He did not like the idea of giving up his feast of sassafras bark. In fact he was quite sure that his little round stomach was completely empty. So when his thoughts turned

to the thicket, another idea about filling it came into his fuzzy head.

"Blackberries!" he told himself. "Blackberries should be ripe and they grow in the thicket."

Cuddle Bear grinned. Why, that was a wonderful idea! Such a wonderful one that Cuddle Bear decided to share it with Cinnamon Bear.

And because all little bears like good things to eat, when Cuddle Bear told Cinnamon Bear, his friend thought it was a splendid plan, too.

So in the end the two little bears started off down the path toward the blackberry patch together. Each one had a willow-stem basket swinging on his arm.

"We will fill them full, then let's take a swim in the river," Cinnamon Bear suggested as they padded along.

"E-e-e-e!" Cuddle Bear squealed his delight. Evidently Cinnamon Bear could think up good ideas of his own.

Such busy little bears when they reached the blackberry patch!

Drop! Drop! The berries fell into the willow-stem baskets. Soon they were full and a little blackberry mountain began to grow atop.

Then all of a sudden their paws stopped. Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon Bear stood still and looked at each other.

"Did you hear that?" Cuddle Bear asked. Cinnamon nodded.

Buzz, buzz, buzz! A strange sound came to them from the other side of the blackberry bush where they were picking.

(Continued on page 21.)

*A Story by*

ANNE M. HALLADAY



# CAREER DOG

*"I'm butting my life in  
your paws, old boy," Star's  
master said to him*

STAR WAS picked for a career dog when only a few weeks old. "He looks the pick of the litter. We'll buy him," said the man who had come to the kennel which raised German shepherds. He took Star away in a car.

For the next year, Star led a happy carefree life with a kind couple in the country. He learned to love human beings and to trust them. He learned to live in an ordinary home.

It was a sad puzzling day for the young dog when the man who had bought him months earlier came to fetch him away from his beloved home. But the man was kind and understanding. He stroked Star's head and talked to him. "We wouldn't do this if it weren't necessary, old fellow," he said. "But you're old enough to start school now. You have a job to learn."

Star did not know what it was all about, but his new friend was a man any dog could trust. He was not only a skillful dog trainer, he loved dogs.

The trainer studied Star and nodded. "He has a good all-weather coat and strong feet. He looks gentle and intelligent," he said.

But what dull weeks followed! Star was shut up in a yard. He was well fed and properly exercised—but his freedom was gone. It was necessary to "quarantine" him until his trainer was sure he was completely healthy. He must be kept away from the other dogs—and there were many other dogs in these big comfortable kennels.

Star learned to like his trainer even better during those weeks, though. This man petted and exercised him. One morning the trainer began Star's education. It was quite easy at first, just learning to obey orders that almost any dog could learn quickly. "Sit, Star! Lie down, Star! Come, Star! Fetch it, Star." The lessons were short and Star was petted and rewarded for his efforts. The lessons were repeated every day until Star could perform them without hesitation. Star, like every good dog, was eager to

please his master. He felt happy and important as he went through his "obedience exercises."

One day his trainer fitted a curious leather harness to Star's sturdy body. It was not uncomfortable, but Star sniffed it and shook himself. What was this for? That afternoon when they went for the usual pleasant walk, his trainer rested a hand on the U-shaped handle attached to the harness. They went briskly along at a fast walk. The trainer kept Star on his left side, slightly ahead of his own body. He held the handle lightly, keeping Star's leash between the fingers of the same hand. Soon Star had learned the proper position and pace.

"You're doing well! You'll look fine when you start out along a street!" The trainer stroked Star's intelligent head.

The daily obedience exercises went on and on. So did the brisk afternoon walks. Star liked both and enjoyed the praise and petting he earned. He was a little puzzled by queer things that happened on his walks, however. One day a cap pistol went off suddenly. Star started, but he did not run or leap. He looked inquiringly at his trainer. "Fine! Steady, Boy!" the man said. Next day it was a louder bang—a revolver firing a blank cartridge. "You're all right—gun sure!" his trainer said proudly. "A dog must be gun sure—or he may cause trouble among traffic noises and back-firing cars."

One afternoon Star saw a hen flap across the path they were following. His age-old instinct to chase things made him leap after the flapping bird. He stopped abruptly. His chain leash had mysteriously hit his hind legs with unpleasant sharpness. He had

*A Story by*

**ELEANOR HAMMOND**



## Dear Father, Keep Me

Dear Father, keep me thro' this day  
Obedient, kind, and true:  
That, always loving thee I may  
Seek all thy will to do.

—ANONYMOUS

already learned that the cats living around his kennel were not to be chased. But maybe he could chase a stray cat that crossed his path. No! That thing hit his legs again. Presently he was convinced that it was unwise to chase cats, hens, cars, and other such tempting objects.

He learned it won praise and even dog biscuits if he picked up a handkerchief or purse his trainer lost. He learned that "Hup! Hup!" meant go along; that "phui!" meant his trainer was displeased with him. After a while he learned that he was expected to stop and sit at each curb in the near-by town. A sharp tug at his leash reminded him at first, but soon he went through this apparently foolish performance without a reminder. "Right! Left! or Forward!" was always the next order and Star learned to obey the commands.

The pleasant country hikes were mostly walks along town streets now—and how many problems one had to meet there! Still, Star was a most intelligent fellow and his education was conducted by one of the finest of trainers. He soon understood that he must not jump an open manhole, but go around it; that he must wait for a car to pass before crossing a street. It was harder to learn that he must not lead his master under a low awning or a workman's ladder that might bump the man's head, even though Star himself could walk beneath the overhanging obstacle. How queer! His master just did bump his head—and scolded Star a bit. Star felt ashamed of causing these little accidents. He began to study overhead obstacles with a wise, calculating eye. He began to feel a serious responsibility for his master. He suddenly realized that it was his business to lead the man along paths of safety—never where the man would step into a hole, bump into a parked car or strike his head against something that stuck out from the side of a building.

By the end of three months Star had learned the most difficult of all his lessons, what his trainer called "educated disobedience." It was something not every dog could or would learn. But Star belonged to one of the most intelligent breeds on earth and was an outstanding example of canine cleverness. He had been picked for his good mind and his sweet

disposition and he had been wonderfully educated. Even so, a few of the other dogs thus picked and educated had "flunked out" during their training period. Star was still at the top of his class. Now he knew that it was the spirit, not the letter of an order which he should obey. He knew that even if his master said, "Forward!" he must go *around* if a parked car, an open ditch or a crowd on the side walk blocked their path; that he must stand firm and *wait* if a speeding car or bus was approaching. He had learned to take the responsibility of doing the safe thing when it was not wise to do exactly what he was told to do.

The day his trainer felt sure Star was ready for graduation he took him into the busiest section of the town, placed a blindfold over his own eyes and ordered Star, "Forward!"

"I'm putting my life in your paws, old boy!" the man told the dog. "This is the test of whether or not you will be safe to trust you to guide a man through life who has no eyes of his own."

An hour later they came back to the bus stop. The black shade still covered the trainer's eyes. There had been no mishaps. Star had not made a single mistake.

Star had graduated. He was ready to take the responsibility and know the great happiness and honor of being a Seeing Eye Dog.

## He Cares

God watches over tiny birds  
Wherever they may fall,  
He guides the eagle in its flight  
And listens for its call.  
  
He colors up the roses,  
He greens the cedar tree,  
And watches over all the stars  
Yet cares for you and me.

—MARY GUSTAFSON



## Blackberry Time

(From page 18.)

Buzz, buzz, buzz! It sounded like Bumble Bee only much louder.

Carefully Cuddle Bear pulled the branches of the blackberry bush aside to make a hole to peek through. He squinted and peered between the leaves. Then he grinned.

"Look, Cinnamon!" Cuddle Bear pointed.

Cinnamon stopped to see.

"Grandpa Grizzly!"

Grandpa Grizzly it was. Grandpa Grizzly sound asleep with his basket beside him. Grandpa Grizzly had had a blackberry picking idea, too.

Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon tiptoed over and looked into Grandpa Grizzly's basket. It was almost empty.

"Grandpa Grizzly gets tired and has to rest," Cinnamon Bear whispered as they stood there.

Then, as it many times happens between good friends, both Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon Bear had another idea. Without saying a word to each other they went back and brought their willow-stem baskets. Soon two little waterfalls of blackberries were pouring into Grandpa Grizzly's basket.

The noise and stir awakened Grandpa Grizzly.

"Why, why, hello, Cuddle Bear! Hello, Cinnamon!" Grandpa Grizzly sat up and looked into his basket filled with blackberries. Then he rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Why, what is this?"

"Blackberries for your supper, Grandpa Grizzly,"

Cuddle Bear grinned. "We have a lot and we are going to pick some more."

"Well, if that isn't fine!" Grandpa Grizzly smiled. "Two fine little bears, you are."

That made a lovely feeling come to Cuddle Bear and Cinnamon.

"It doesn't matter if we can't have our swim in the river," Cinnamon Bear whispered to Cuddle as they began to fill their baskets once more.

But in the end there was time after all. About fourth Crow-Call found them on the bank of the river. They put their baskets on the grass and slipped into the cool water.

Mmmm! How good it felt after their work. They laughed and splashed until they were as cool as the water itself.

"We were surprised to have time to take a swim," Cuddle Bear told Big Brown Bear Mama that evening at supper time.

Big Brown Bear Mama smiled as she put down a bowl of glossy sweet blackberries for Cuddle to eat with his porridge.

"Well, I am not surprised," Big Brown Bear Mama told Cuddle Bear. "Somehow good things always seem to make time for themselves."

Cuddle Bear sat thinking about what Big Brown Bear Mama said. Maybe Big Brown Bear Mama was right. Anyway, it seemed to Cuddle Bear that blackberries had never tasted so sweet and good.

And maybe again, that was because Cuddle Bear could know that no doubt Grandpa Grizzly was having them for his supper, too.

# HIDDEN FARM PETS

By GREGORY SPOONER

What farm animal is referred to in each of the rhymes or stories containing these famous lines all children know?

1. Upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber
2. I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down
3. Where are you going, my pretty maid?
4. One for my master and one for my dame
5. Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
6. The clock struck one and he ran down
7. Ding Dong Bell
8. Bingo was his name, Sir

Answers:

8. dog  
7. pussy  
6. mouse  
5. chicken (egg)

4. sheep  
3. cow  
2. pig  
1. goose



# operation—

**T**EEN-AGERS aren't so much different from their mothers in occasionally getting a real yen to redecorate their rooms. It's a feminine instinct, and one which usually results in improved appearances of the home. Besides, redecorating a room doesn't mean that seads of allowances must be spent. Very often, inexpensive materials and ideas will do the trick. There is no better time than right now to learn a few tricks that help to make a room a livable, lovely one.

If you like frilly things (and many girls do) then why not make a bedspread, curtains, and dressing table from some sheer material like organdy, lawn, or even a good grade of cheesecloth? If you live in the South, you may know of tobacco cloth, which is only sixteen cents a yard and which can be made into charming, well-hanging curtains and dust ruffles. It comes only in white.

A dressing table may be covered easily. The foundation can be an old kitchen table or two upended

orange crates with handy shelves and a board holding them together while at the same time creating a knee-hole between the two uprights. It can also be a packing box, with the open end toward the room. In any case, cover the top with a plain piece of the same material with which you plan to make the skirt. Pull it taut, and fasten it with small tacks. Now measure the distance from table top to floor, as that is the width the skirt will be if you are going to trim it with embroidery. If you plan to hem it instead of using embroidery, allow three inches for the hem at bottom and a half-inch to turn under at the top. Gather or pleat the skirt, allowing one-half more material than the length around table to be covered. Then fasten it to the table top edge with tacks, and if you are using trimming, fasten that over the tacks. Make sure that the fullness is evenly distributed and that the flounce just touches the floor. If you plan to use the space under the skirt for storage it is a good idea to slit the material down

Fig. 1



*Own a cedar chest? Maybe*

*it's a hope chest in your heart?*

*Why not cover it with organdy*

*or some other sheer fabric and*

*get a window seat like this.*

*Handy for all sorts of uses, yet*

*as dainty as the other things*

*in your room*



# redecorating

*Just a mattress*

*and springs on*

*legs, but isn't*

*it inviting? Navy,*

*yellow, and green*

*are the colors*

*in the plaid and*

*the top is navy.*

*Backing and bulletin*

*board are made of*

*plywood, covered*

*to match the bed—*

*not hard for*

*brothers to do!*



Fig. 2

the center and hem it with a tiny hem which won't be visible.

To make a bedspread, cut a piece of material exactly the size of the bed top. For the dust ruffle, measure the distance around sides and foot of bed, then add one-half again as much. Gather or pleat and baste to top. Then, when you are sure it hangs evenly, stitch, or sew by hand, and add some sort of binding for a finish. If you are a new seamstress, your mother will be glad to help you; afterward such jobs will seem very simple.

Your cedar chest may not seem dainty enough for your room if you've given it a dimity or organdy treatment. Pad the cedar chest lid with several thicknesses of an old blanket, and make a top of quilted organdy. This is easily done by cutting a piece the size of the top and stitching it diagonally to an old sheet. If you have a chair in the room covered with chintz, you might prefer to make the top of that; in either case, make the skirt for the slip cover just as you did the one for the bed. Attach

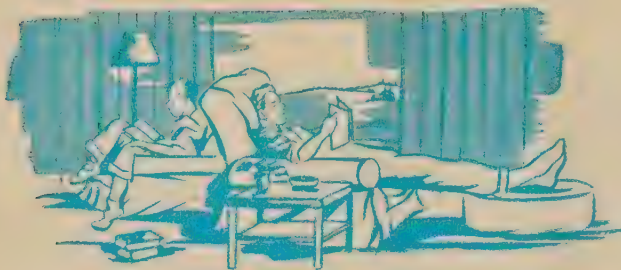
it to the top piece, so that the entire covering can be lifted off at once when you want to open the chest for some reason. If you prefer to make the skirt of several ruffles (as did the young lady shown in Fig. 1), then make the two or three ruffles, fastening them to a piece of sheeting the same height as your cedar chest. If you prefer, you can cover the top of the chest with the material of your choice, and attach the skirt to the top of the chest just *below* the cover. The top can then be lifted at any time, and if you use your chest often, this is the better method.

Perhaps instead of a frilly room, you want something more tailored. Then take a peek at the one

*(Continued on page 30.)*

**By LOUISE PRICE BELL**





## Books for the Hearth Side

Girls in their middle teens will be interested in the new story **Calling for Isabel** by Virginia-Murrill Jeffries. (Published by Longmans, Green, Inc., New York. 177 pages. Price, \$2.25.) Here is what a sixteen-year-old thinks about and the experiences that come to her and her reactions to them. It is the story too of a family that lived close to one another in understanding and love. Although some of the dialogue is stilted and somewhat untypical of this age the book is wholesomely wise in its handling of their problems.

★ ★ ★

The adventures of Kit Carson and Judd Hunter, two seven-year-olds, on the trail between Missouri and Santa Fe, are told in Merritt Parmalee Allen's **The Silver Wolf**. (Published by Longmans, Green, Inc., New York. 216 pages. Price, \$2.50.) In addition to the exciting experiences of the trail the book tells of the search for a silver mine willed Judd by his murdered brother. The hardships and dangers the boys faced developed a strong friendship between the city boy Judd and the famous hero of the plains, Kit Carson. Readers, young and old, will have difficulty putting this book aside until finished.

★ ★ ★

A sympathetic, imaginative picture of Jesus' boyhood years in Nazareth is given in **Boy of Nazareth** by Marian Keith, illustrated by Arthur Harper (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, 158 pages, \$2.00). The book is in story form and is extremely interesting reading. In addition to its entertaining quality, it gives excellent insight into the manners and customs of the people of Jesus' day. This is a revised edition of **Glad Days in Galilee** (Abingdon, 1935) and is recommended for children seven to eleven years of age.

★ ★ ★

Probably the most complete and widely used modern work on marriage relationships is Henry A. Bowman's **Marriage for Moderns**. (Published by Whittlesey House, New York, 544 pages. Price, \$5.00.) The first edition of this volume went through eleven printings and has now been revised and brought up to date. The book is used widely as a textbook for college classes on marriage and home building. Professor Bowman is the head of the department of home and marriage relationships at Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri. Written primarily for young people taking courses in marriage problems, Mr. Bowman answers their questions about dating; petting; courtship; marriage, with its many adjustments; childbirth; divorce. He deals with the problems not purely from a physiological point of view but emphasizes the importance of the spiritual and social aspects. Here is a good book for churches to have in their libraries, but one also from which parents will gain a great deal of important and accurate information.

Stories of pets, particularly dogs, are favorites with children. The book **Rip and Royal** by Sally Scott, with pictures by Beth Krush (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 59 pages, \$1.75), is a book primary boys and girls will love. The story is of two dogs—a collie and a cocker—and of Peggy Brown the little girl who had always wanted a collie. Royal, the collie, was unhappy in the town with Peggy. She finally discovered that it was because he had been trained to help bring cows home from pasture and that he loved the farm. Peggy decided to give up Royal to the farm where he could be happy and she herself found happiness with the bouncy, gay and friendly cocker, Rip. The illustrations are wonderful.

★ ★ ★

Teen-agers who are puzzled about themselves, and parents who also are wondering what it is all about, will find help in Nevin C. Harner's **About Myself**. (Published by The Christian Education Press, Philadelphia, 133 pages. Price, \$1.75.) Harner writes with punch and point and couches his ideas in humor that will appeal to both groups, teen-agers and parents. He has long been active in the Christian education of young people and this book is the fruit of his experience and work in the field. Parents could well put this book in the hands of their adolescents and could profit by stealing a glance or two at it themselves.

★ ★ ★

Father and son, in fact the whole family, will enjoy reading **Little Britches** by Ralph Moody. The subtitle, **Father and I Were Ranchers**, gives a clue to the content of this widely reviewed and highly recommended book. The author tells of his family's move to a ranch not far from Denver in 1906, just after his eighth birthday. The next two years are filled with exciting experiences, many hardships, much joy and humor, and a touch of sadness. This book is now in its sixth printing (W. W. Norton & Co., 260 pages, \$3.00).

★ ★ ★

Parents will welcome the book **Do-It Fun for Boys and Girls** by Mary and Dale Goss (Charles A. Bennett Co., 128 pages, \$2.95). This book is literally "crammed full" of ideas and directions for using inexpensive, even waste, materials in making gifts, ornaments, games and puzzles. Humorous, cartoon-style drawings explain every step clearly so that children from the ages of seven to twelve may use it. This book can certainly help solve that rainy-day problem of nothing to do among the young folk.

★ ★ ★

Simon & Schuster has published three new Little Golden Books: **Doctor Dan**, the **Bandage Man** by Helen Gaspard, with pictures by Corinne Malvern; **I Can Fly** by Ruth Krauss, with pictures by Mary Blair; and **Donald Duck's Toy Train**. In keeping with the high standards and appeal of the Little Golden Books, these three are delightful. **Doctor Dan** has six real Band-Aid adhesive bandages inside the cover which will please the young doctor (or nurse). The price of these books is 25 cents each.

★ ★ ★

**Surprise for Susan** by Kathryn Hitte, with pictures by Pelagie Doane (Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, unpagged, \$1.00), is a delightful book for the little girl or boy who has or will have a new baby brother or sister. Susan tries to guess what her mother is going to bring to her. Each member of the family gives her a hint, but she guesses such things as candy and ball and never guesses baby brother. This is a simple story but told in such a way that small children will love it. The illustrations are very good.



**M**R. AND Mrs. Harry Young had just one ambition: to have their son become a doctor. They both came from rather low-income families, with not much academic education, and felt keenly the lack of it all their life. Consequently, they wanted their only son, Harry, to have the best. Even before his birth, they started saving, and after he made his debut, every penny was put aside that could be spared from the income that their neighborhood stationery store brought. Luckily, the boy proved to be studious, sailing through his school years with flying colors. And while his parents watched with pride in their hearts and tears in their eyes, Harry graduated *cum laude*. Soon after he was finished with medical school and internship, he made a name for himself, and became the country's brightest young surgeon.

To show his parents how much he appreciated their material and spiritual help, Dr. Young made them sell their little stationery store and supported them in comfort for the rest of their lives.

However, regretfully, this happens only too rarely. More often parents who do some sacrificing, either real or imaginary, make their offspring's life miserable by trying to impress him with all that is being done for him.

How about you? Do you constantly remind your son or daughter how much you are sacrificing for him?

Father, do you tell your son again, and again, and again, that you did not go to college; but you are willing to let him go to further his chances of being successful at his vocation, even though it means enormous sacrifices on your and your wife's part?

Mother, do you repeatedly remind your daughter that you don't buy pretty new clothes you want in order that she may advance her career by going to college or business school, or taking singing or dramatic lessons?

If you are guilty of trying to make yourself a martyr in your young one's eyes, you had better stop right now. For nothing in this world alienates the affection of your child as fast and as permanently as a steady stream of hints about the sacrifices you are making for him.

Now Frances and Joe Hagey were the proud parents of twenty-year-old blonde and pretty Babs, and eighteen-year-old Kevin. Unfortunately, the Hageys didn't let their youngsters forget for one minute the amount of money that was being spent on their up-

## are you a **SACRIFICING PARENT?**

bringing. Thus they were heading for heartbreaks.

After graduating from high school, their daughter, Babs, went for a year to the best business school that their small but hustling midwest city had to offer. Being a fast and accurate stenographer and typist, besides making an attractive appearance, Babs secured a well-paying position almost at once. She liked her work very much. However, when week after week her parents demanded most of her salary in return for all the "sacrifices" that they had made toward her education, Babs spoke her mind.

"Look, Dad," she argued. "It isn't as if you and Mother would really need my salary. You don't, and you know it. So why can't I keep it?"

"Because you might spend it foolishly. Besides, for all the money we've invested in your education, we should get some return."

"So," Babs flung out bitterly, "you regard me just as one of your business investments, from which you expect a return with profit. Well, Dad, and you too, Mother, this may come as a shock to you, but I don't think you ever sacrificed anything for me. You only did your duty, letting me go to high and business school. And another thing: if I'm old enough to earn my living, I'm old enough to know how to spend it."

"Not while you're living in my house," sputtered Joe Hagey.

"Well, that's just dandy," snapped Babs. "Nothing can suit me better." She turned. "As soon as I arrive in New York and get a job, I'll let you know. G'by, Kevin."

Babs's brother, Kevin, who'd been listening quietly not only to Babs's outburst, but also to his parents' angry remarks about "that ungrateful child," decided then and there to leave college the next day, and join the Navy. His parting note to his elders said: "Dear Dad and Mother—Ever since I can remember you've

(Continued on page 27.)

By **JULIE VAN DUYN**



# Family Counselors

**Question:** My husband and I take our children to church and Sunday school every Sunday. We each teach a class. I am active in the women's work. Now they are starting a Sunday night program to include the whole family. Don't you think we've done our duty, or should we give up our whole Sunday to the church?

**Answer:** Do you go to church, and teach and worship because it is your *duty*? Most people go because it is a privilege to worship God. Most people go because of the peace and calmness they feel after an hour in God's House. Most people teach because they want to share the good news of Jesus and His life with others, because teaching is a joy and a challenging experience.

What a wonderful, far-seeing church yours must be to plan a Sunday evening program to include the whole family! I should think you would be thrilled to support it as a family. We in our church have such a program and the families who attend regularly testify that their family ties are strengthened, and their family religious living revitalized as they worship and study together. I certainly would support whole heartedly any program which helps to keep families together these days.

E. N. J.

**Question:** How can I handle the telephone problem? I have two daughters in high school.

**Answer:** The "telephone problem" seems to be a universal one where there are teen-agers. The best way to solve it, it seems to me, is through a family council meeting. Talk over the factors involved—how many must use the phone, is it used for business too,

DOROTHY  
FAUST



ELIZABETH  
NORTON  
JONES

where is it located in the house, are the number of calls limited, etc. Decide together on fair rules to fit your circumstances. Let the rules hold true for parents also.

When the rules are decided upon, let each person be responsible for telling his friends. Of course there will be exceptions by strangers calling, business calls, or unusual circumstances.

I know one family in which the daughter was worried and bothered because the phone was in the living room, and her conversations were not private. It meant so much to her that weekly she pays out of her allowance so she can have an extension in her own room. Her calls are less frequent and shorter because she no longer has to compete with radio, television, and brother's quips and giggles.

E. N. J.

**Question:** I am seventeen years old, my four-weeks-old baby is still in the Maternity Home. My parents and the Superintendent

are trying to make me have my baby adopted. I am willing to forget about finishing high school to work for my baby. Isn't it right for a mother to want to keep her baby?

**Answer:** Of course it is right for a mother to want to keep her baby if circumstances are such as makes it possible to provide properly, etc. But in your case the child would pay a heavy price for such a course. Since the baby is in no way responsible at this point, then I firmly believe he is entitled to first consideration.

You have maneuvered yourself into one of those spots in life whereby every way you now turn will bring sorrow or hurt to someone. The question then is what procedure will cost the least amount of pain?

Naturally, a mother is supposed to be situated in a sheltered position that will enable her to devote herself primarily to the task of caring for her children while the father provides the living. But in your case, your best opportunity for a happy and useful life for both you and the baby is to give your child the opportunity of being reared in normal home life, where he or she will have a name first of all, and both father and mother.

True, you will suffer some but you recognize that most of all you need to continue your education. lift up your head, and set yourself to the task of building a future for yourself too. Later you may have a family of your own to absorb your time and thought when you are adequately prepared to meet the responsibilities of home.

If you consider only your own selfish feeling at present, you can try to rear the child with neither father, nor mother, because looking at the situation from a purely practical point, you will be forced to spend most of your time and energy in supporting yourself and child and your opportunities for establishing a happy home are practically nil.

For the best interests of both you and your child, I do advise adoption.

D. F.



## Are You a Sacrificing Parent?

(From page 25.)

been crying how much it cost to send us through school. So, though I had my heart set on becoming an electrical engineer, I'm quitting school and signing up with the Navy. This will ease your present burden, and save you from another 'ungrateful child,' in the future."

You might say that this is an extreme case, yet the truth of the matter is that this happens almost every day—to a larger or lesser degree—in every city and town, across the country.

If only we parents would realize the irreparable harm we are doing when we are hounding and nagging them about the money, energy or time we spend on their upbringing.

Surely, Mrs. Burns wouldn't have done it had she realized what she was doing. Mrs. Grace Burns, a widow and a frustrated singer, was determined to have her daughter, Rose-Ann, succeed where she had failed. To insure a professional career for her pretty girl, she pushed Rose-Ann into commercial modeling at the age of three. Much to Mrs. Burns's satisfaction, her daughter clicked from the start, earning not only her keep, but also the singing and dramatic lessons that her mother made her take.

By the time Rose-Ann was seventeen, she was an accomplished performer, with a modeling career and a goodly number of small parts on stage and radio

behind her. There was also a promise of a feature spot on a half-an-hour weekly television show.

Mrs. Burns was happy and proud, yet at every possible opportunity she still reminded Rose-Ann that because of her she didn't remarry. Also, how much time and energy she spent in teaching and correcting Rose-Ann's stage technique.

Rose-Ann's silent though growing resentment of her mother's attitude gave expression when she eloped with a young man, whom she had been meeting secretly for a few months against her mother's explicit wishes.

And now, let's come back to you. Are you turning your son or daughter away from you by incessant dwelling on your sacrifices? Or are you very wisely simply trusting him to appreciate you in the future when he will realize that without your help he couldn't have succeeded in his chosen field as he did?

## Biblegram

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Weak; lacking in strength -----	130 95 109 110 87 62
B. Place where Jacob dreamed about the ladder and the angels ---	1 116 96 75 53 46
C. A sheltered place or corner -----	133 113 100 94
D. A piece of writing paper -----	125 108 124 86 122
E. A four-base hit in baseball -----	118 129 131 103 99
F. To move jerkily -----	123 78 117 58 102
G. To beat out grain from the stalks -----	79 85 66 111 61 67
H. Material used to make garments -----	82 121 126 84 97
I. Nickname for a very small boy -----	42 31 106 19 83 47
J. A toy, for rolling -----	112 92 88 45
K. To faint -----	128 71 93 60 127

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12		13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
23		24	25	26		27	28	29	30	31
32	33	34	35		36	37	38	39	40	41
42	43	44	45	46	47		48	49	50	51
53		54	55	56	57		58	59	60	61
	64	65	66		67	68	69		70	71
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83
85	86		87	88	89	90		91	92	93
96	97		98	99	100	101		102	103	104
107		108	109		110	111	112	113	114	115
118		119	120	121		122	123	124		125
126		129	130		131	132	133			

(Solution on page 28.)

L. New, or new-fashioned -----	51 44 90 76 34 81
M. Good looking -----	20 55 13 7 69 33 101 3
N. The polestar -----	18 25 77 10 30 4 15 36 89
O. A military assistant to an officer -----	119 73 115 132
P. Unwise; silly -----	64 70 50 2 8 5 40
Q. Not generous -----	9 12 32 98 16 22 49
R. A strap, or strip of leather -----	56 11 65 107 24
S. Next after the sixth --	28 6 105 23 37 29 52
T. Country famous for its tulips -----	54 17 91 114 14 63 26
U. Whimpered -----	48 57 27 72 41 35
V. A circle of light -----	59 104 120 21
W. To delay, or to keep back -----	38 43 39 80 68 74



## Good Neighbors Are Fun!

(From page 3.)

him. The offsprings of hatred are jealousy, malicious gossip, thievery, and rioting. How important it becomes, therefore, to develop one's acquaintances in his neighborhood. It's not easy to know your neighbors without being "nosey." Like most worth while things, friendships are not handed to us on a silver platter. Rather, they are a product of sincere, sacrificial thought and action. Incentive and know-how can be acquired.

A YOUNG married couple with three small children moved into a suburban community. The only family that they knew lived on the other side of town. The young father's job required that he travel. The very week the new family moved in, he was obliged to be away. No one called. The young mother was almost glad to speak to the salesmen who never fail to spot new families. Those lonely days convinced her that she would never let another newcomer on the street go unwelcomed. For the sixteen years she lived there, she successfully kept up her mission. To express her genuine friendliness, she usually took along a cake or a pie. Her questions were never prying, but friendly. She sought to find common acquaintances by asking about their former home's location; she always asked their church affiliation, if any, so that she might check with the respective pastors to have them welcome the new family too.

Some families are not good mixers. They stay close to their homes. As a result, they are often looked upon as cold, uninteresting, or snobbish. A young minister visited every home in the first community he served, there being only one church there. He discovered one elderly woman ill and soon to undergo a serious operation. On Sunday he asked the congregation for prayers in her behalf. At the close of the service, a number of the congregation asked him where she lived. Although she longed for social contacts, her eyesight limited her trips outside to only the most essential. Her husband, being a night watchman, had little time for any community activity. Here was an opportunity for neighbors to be good neighbors. The elderly woman found joy in the visits and thoughtfulness of her neighbors. The character of the neighborhood was strengthened by the incident.

Somehow, children seem less hesitant about welcoming new families. Their inquisitiveness and genuine interest have often led their parents into a very pleasant friendship. Children have a real opportunity to make acquaintances in remembering not to leave anyone out of their games. To be thoughtful and friendly in one's play, a child must have a good example at home in his parents. Aminosity and admiration alike will very quickly be expressed by children if it has been expressed in the home.

Young people are forced to become acquainted through school. In a New York high school every pupil accepted one responsibility in bettering the community. Some helped to clean vacant lots, others

trimmed the community cemetery, some cleaned or ran errands for shut-ins. All helped; all learned to be better neighbors.

A young man was a bit hesitant about calling on his well-to-do neighbor. He felt that his making an overture to friendliness would be presumptuous, so he waited, looking for an opportunity. It came one day with a heavy snowfall. Noticing his neighbor shoveling his walk, the young man went out immediately and found that he could talk easily to his neighbor as he leaned on the shovel. The friendship beginning thus lasted from that day on.

There are many ways that neighboring families can cooperate. On one side of a "double house" lived newlyweds; on the other an older couple with two children. While the bride retained her office

## Biblegram Solution

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance. The LORD looketh from heaven; He beholdeth all the sons of men." (Psalm 33:12-13)

### The Words

A. Feeble	L. Modern
B. Bethel	M. Handsome
C. Nook	N. Northstar
D. Sheet	O. Aide
E. Homer	P. Foolish
F. Hitch	Q. Selfish
G. Thresh	R. Thong
H. Cloth	S. Seventh
I. Peewee	T. Holland
J. Hoop	U. Whined
K. Swoon	V. Halo
	W. Detain

job, her neighbor often brought in a warm dish for their evening meal on their arrival home. The distress call of several sharp taps on the wall always brought immediate aid. Both families were thoughtful about noise and distractions. The groom had no lawn mower; his neighbor had a heart attack. The groom used his neighbor's mower to do both lawns.

Organizations like the PTA, or the Fire Company, the Boy or Girl Scouts, clubs, and many other organizations provide avenues of introduction to your neighbors. Boy Scout troops, for example, often reach beyond the limits of one township or school. This gives new opportunities to meet other boys and enlarge their friendships.

This larger fellowship may be found also in the church. A full church program offers friendships on many levels. In the Sunday school class, the missionary society, the youth group, the church dinners, and the drama group, there arise opportunities to know new people and to know them well.

In many churches where lay evangelism and church visiting is stressed, the lay leaders of the church have a unique opportunity to increase their personal friendships as well as develop a strong church and a worthy neighborhood. When you use every available method of being a good neighbor, you will find you have good neighbors! And they are fun!



## By LOIE BRANDOM

*Planning family picnics in*

*the back yard or at the beach?*

*Here are some rollicking games*

*that every member of the family*

*will want to play*

**I**N SUMMER families usually play out of doors at the beach or on a picnic if the weather permits, so out-of-door games will be in order for the family fun frolics, and Cannon Ball will provide just the spark to start off the occasion with a bang.

Even the junior members of the family or neighborhood can join in this game with the elders. All players form a circle. On the ground in front of each one is placed a piece of newspaper about a foot square. A softball is then put into play in the center of the circle by the referee and each of the players must try to keep the ball from touching his own paper by kicking it toward another player's paper. The referee calls a strike on each one who lets the ball touch his base. When three strikes have been called on a player he is out of the game, and the play proceeds as before until only one player is left to be acclaimed winner.

Flying High is another good game in which family members of different ages may take part. If a gentle breeze is blowing it will add to the fun. Someone is chosen to start the play by throwing (or blowing) a feather into the air. The object is to get the feather to stay up long enough to give the thrower time to tag another player and still get back under his feather in time to catch it before it hits the ground. If the first player fails to recover the feather in the air before it lands, he must try again. Otherwise the one tagged accepts the feather and must catch another player. A timekeeper checks the length of time it takes each one to complete the game's objective, and the one performing the stunt in the shortest length of time, wins. A small balloon can be used instead of a feather if desired.

A stunt the younger members of the family will enjoy we will name The Bumble Bee Buzz. It is simply a test to see who can buzz the longest without taking a fresh breath, and it is not usually the one who has the largest pair of lungs who wins, but the one who knows best how to conserve his breath supply.

Another game in which the youngsters are likely to win over the adult members of the family, or neighborhood group, is especially adaptable to a beach and swim suits, although a back yard does just as well. Place a large shallow pan of water on the sand, or ground, and put in it as many pebbles as there are players, less one. The group gathers close about the pan but all must stand upright. If there is a portable radio to provide music that is fine, but if no music is available then someone can count "one, two three, GO!" At the sudden stopping of the

# Family Fun in Summer



music, or at the word *go*, each player tries to secure a pebble from the pan of water. The one failing to secure a pebble drops out of the game. A pebble is then removed from the pan and the game proceeds as before until only one player is left as winner.

Shadow Tag is fun on a sunny day, especially in the late afternoon when the sun is low enough to cast long shadows. In this game the sole object is to keep the catcher from stepping on the shadow you cast. When you're in a tight spot about the only way you can prevent this is to fall flat on the ground so you will make no shadow at all. Each one drops out of the game when his shadow is stepped on until only the winner remains.

A Goober Hunt. A good beach game for the younger set. While the other members of the group are busy with one game, an older member slips away to a secluded part of the beach and buries peanuts (in their shells of course), in the sand. He may bury two or

three in one spot, one in another place and maybe five or six in another hole and so on; the only requirement being that he should heap up a little mound of sand over each goober hole, so that players will know where to hunt. When it is time to play the game all the contestants line up and at the word *go* run to the little mounds and start digging. The

**Power is a bell which prevents  
those who set it pealing from hear-  
ing any other sound. Beranger**

player finding the largest number of peanuts is winner; the lucky winner of course being the one who found the holes in which the largest number of peanuts were hidden together, making it unnecessary to find so many hiding places.

A Broomstick Race will also prove amusing. Three contestants astride a broomstick can race as many other broomstick

teams as there are contestants available to form teams. All teams line up at the starting mark and at a signal, race down the prescribed course, turn at the end, and continue the speed until they have crossed the starting line, which in this case is also the goal line. If the second and third on the broomstick will try only to keep in step with each other and let the leader do the rest they will get around the corner without too much delay—otherwise look out!

A boxing match that will be fun for young and old alike to watch can be staged between two five- or six-year-old boys if they are permitted to use only their left hands for striking purposes while balancing an egg in a tea spoon with their right hands. The purpose of each contestant is to make his opponent drop his egg.

Playing such games, a large family group or neighborhood gathering can provide more fun than almost any kind of entertainment.

## Operation—Redecorating

(From page 23.)

shown (Fig. 2) that falls in this category. The bed is actually a mattress and springs on sturdy legs, and the pleated dust ruffle is fastened to a piece of material that is pulled taut between the two. The material for dust ruffle need only measure the distance from the floor to the piece that holds it firm under the mattress. The cover is merely a piece of plain color that hangs down over the plaid dust ruffle about half its width. A small bolster of the plaid adds a nice touch, and the plywood back makes the bed have new interest, besides protecting the wall behind the bed when a group of your pals pile onto it for a coke session!

A backing like this can be made by a handy brother or dad; once made, it is a simple matter to cover the board with material before your helper fastens it to the wall. The bulletin board is decorative. Make it of plain plywood covered with navy sailcloth (like spread) then give it a real fillip with the border of plaid—made from leftover pieces of the material. To many girls, a bulletin board is very essential—and a grand spot in which to tack snapshots, notices of church and school group meetings . . . mementos of affairs dear to their hearts.

No matter what type of room you create when you have your next redecorating binge, there is one thing you should always keep in mind. A girl's room is,

in truth, her castle, but she should take the responsibility of keeping it orderly, fresh, and clean at all times. Most mothers are pretty helpful when their daughters have decorating ideas that they want to carry out in their rooms. And because of that—if for no other reason—girls should relieve Mother of all care of those precious rooms. Dainty organdies and lawns will get soiled, but when they do, the young occupants should attend to the laundering. Plenty of warm water and soap, the new "permastarch" that will keep curtains and spreads and dressing-table flounces perky through at least eight launderings, and a bright sunny day, are all that is needed. Come Saturday and Miss America can launder her dainties in no time flat and have them back in place by afternoon.

On the darker materials, less frequent laundering or drycleanings will be necessary, but they should have routine care. Dusting, airing rooms, straightening books, and keeping trinkets in order, are all part of every girl's task if she wants to keep her room a credit to her. On Saturday, she should go over rugs, stuffed chairs, and her bed, with the family vacuum cleaner and attachments; then when the annual cleaning time comes there will be very little that needs to be done in her room.

Your room is your castle, so keep it a pleasant attractive and, above all, a sparkling clean one . . . a real credit to you, as a true home lover and embryonic homemaker.



# STUDY GUIDE

## on "Good Neighbors Are Fun!"

### I. Leader's Preparation

The problem of developing a good relationship with your neighbors is the responsibility of the whole family. If your discussion group does not include all ages, remember to include all areas of problems in your discussion. A report might be made by or for each age group.

In initiating the subject, you might review the basic problems. Every community is confronted with the problem of establishing and maintaining healthy friendships among its families. Likewise, every family should be seeking continually to strengthen the character of its neighborhood.

The quality of the acquaintance between families seems largely to determine the quality of a neighborhood. Methods must be developed and practiced that will bring families into more friendly relationships. Overcoming the fear of being "nosey" looms as a serious problem. Genuine interest and kindness are the best preventatives against it; not only will the individual control any snooping desires within himself, but also he will discourage any such behavior on the part of his neighbor.

Remember in the discussion to bring out the vital part the church plays in developing a good neighborhood. Its societies and special groups offer openings of fellowship and wider acquaintance for every person. Getting well acquainted with one's neighbor through the church has accumulative effect that may well benefit the church program in the future. The program of developing neighbors goes hand in hand with the church program. Cite the many instances in the Bible where neighborliness is stressed, particularly Jesus' Second Commandment.

### II. Discussion Materials for the Different Age Groups.

#### A. Pre-school children

(1). Undoubtedly the major responsibility in this group lies with the parents. To a large extent, a child will pattern his behavior after his parents' or in a manner to win praise from his parents. (2) Parents might check with their children to see how many of the children on their street their youngsters know. (3) Children might be asked how they can improve their play habits. Do

they share toys? Do they play in both homes? Are they careful of their friends' playthings and their homes? Does each one cooperate in Sunday school? Are those that don't come asked regularly to come?

#### B. Grammar school children

(1) As the area of one's acquaintance broadens, many youngsters are faced with the problem, "With whom shall I play?" This is a question that must be faced by all age groups. If there is a family with low moral or ethical standards in the neighborhood, what is the family's attitude toward them? (2) The youngsters might discuss ways in which they can make their Sunday school class more inclusive. Is

### When Children Come with You

plan to have a leader who may:

**Conduct a Story Hour.** Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, in books borrowed from the public library, the school or church library.

**Guide in Making Articles.** Simple and attractive party favors might be made. Directions are often found in the primary and junior story papers and in books such as *Do-it Fun for Boys and Girls* by Mary and Dale Goss (Charles A. Bennett Co., \$2.95).

**Direct Games.** Party games are sometimes to be found in this magazine or the story papers. Books of games may also be found in public libraries. One such book is the *Fun Encyclopedia* by E. O. Harbin (Abingdon-Cokesbury).

anything being done by them to reach the boys and girls who do not attend church? Are they helping their school and Sunday school teachers to make their classes more attractive for these others? (3) Is it the responsibility of this age group to seek out new members in the community?

#### C. For young people

(1) How can young people reconcile their opinions of their neighbors with

the opinions of their parents? There is often a distinct difference here. (2) How far should one's parents limit his circle of friends? Who has the final decree? (3) Cliques often develop among high school groups. Are these exclusive friendships beneficial to developing a good neighborhood? What can be done about them?

#### D. For general discussion

(1) The problem of the family of low moral standards must be faced squarely. Should they be ostracized? Of what value would be an honest effort on the part of a group of neighbors to take a genuine interest in the family to help them? Many groups find that such a family will respond to thoughtfulness, kindness, and common decency. Should the children of the community be informed by their parents as regards the different standards of behavior? (2) What other methods beside those mentioned by the author might be used in learning to know the other families in one's community? (3) Are there other factors than those mentioned by the author that determine the quality or tone of a neighborhood? If so, are these really essential? (4) Would you live in a community without a church? In what way does the church aid in building a better neighborhood? (5) What is the best approach for the community that is faced with a sharp cleavage between racial and religious groups? Can a real community exist with such a cleavage? (6) Is gossip of value if it contains nothing malicious or destructive?

### III. Resource Material

The leader should remember that a discussion of neighbors might carry the group far afield. Keep the participants on the subject! Don't let anyone slide into the slump of deriding any family or group in the community. Keep the discussion on the positive, constructive side.

Reading a discussion of the factors that make up a community from a sociologist's point of view should be enlightening to all. Such a definition of terms can be found in *Introductory Sociology*, by Sutherland and Woodward (Lippincott, 1937). Robert Frost's poem "Mending Wall" from *North of Boston* might be read. It can be found in most high school anthologies of American literature. Stories such as those found in Mary Jenness' book, *We All Need Each Other* (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1935), are profitable for use.

By JOHN Y. ELLIOTT





# Over the Back Fence

## Formula for Happy Homes

Nearly everyone has such a formula, and sometimes it seems as if they are all publishing them in books and magazines, or offering them over the air. George W. Crane, widely known consulting psychologist and newspaper columnist, says that a truly happy home is best guaranteed by the following elements:

- A father and a mother
- Two or more children
- A puppy or a kitten or some pet
- Daily visible evidence of love and appreciation
- Sunday school and church attendance by the whole family
- Some form of weekly family recreation together
- Home ownership, where children have a place to play

Of course there are many happy homes that do not have all of these elements. There are undoubtedly many unhappy homes that do meet all the above conditions. But the chances are that Dr. Crane has given a set of basic ingredients that go into the making of happy home life.

How many of the conditions can you meet?

## Postcards Are Potent!

So you do not like some of the advertising that comes into your home! Then here is how you can do something about it.

Ralph W. Hardy, director of the department of government relations of the National Association of Broadcasters, on a Town Meeting of the Air program tells you how. "The most effective way of getting the wants and wishes of the public known to an advertiser is to communicate directly with that advertiser, and I've said to many radio and television groups, 'You have no idea of the potency of a well-phrased letter or postcard.'"

It's as simple as that—Write a Postcard!

The next time your ire is aroused by something particularly nauseating on television or radio, in newspaper or magazine, write a postcard direct to the advertiser. Your reaction alone will probably not have much effect. But if a great avalanche of Uncle Sam's Economy Communication Cards descends upon him we have Ralph Hardy's word for it that he will listen. You don't have to sit and suffer in silence. Let off steam by Popping Off on a Postcard!

Among other things that this country needs is a new organization—the APWP, Association of Parents to Write Postcards. In this way we can let our wants and wishes, or disapproval and disgust, be known to those who say that their only wish is to please the public. It is time that we took seriously and literally the old advertising slogan—If You Like Our Product Tell Others; If You Don't, Tell Us.

Therefore, *Hearthstone* urges you to join APWP—without officers and without dues—the only requirement being, Write a Postcard!

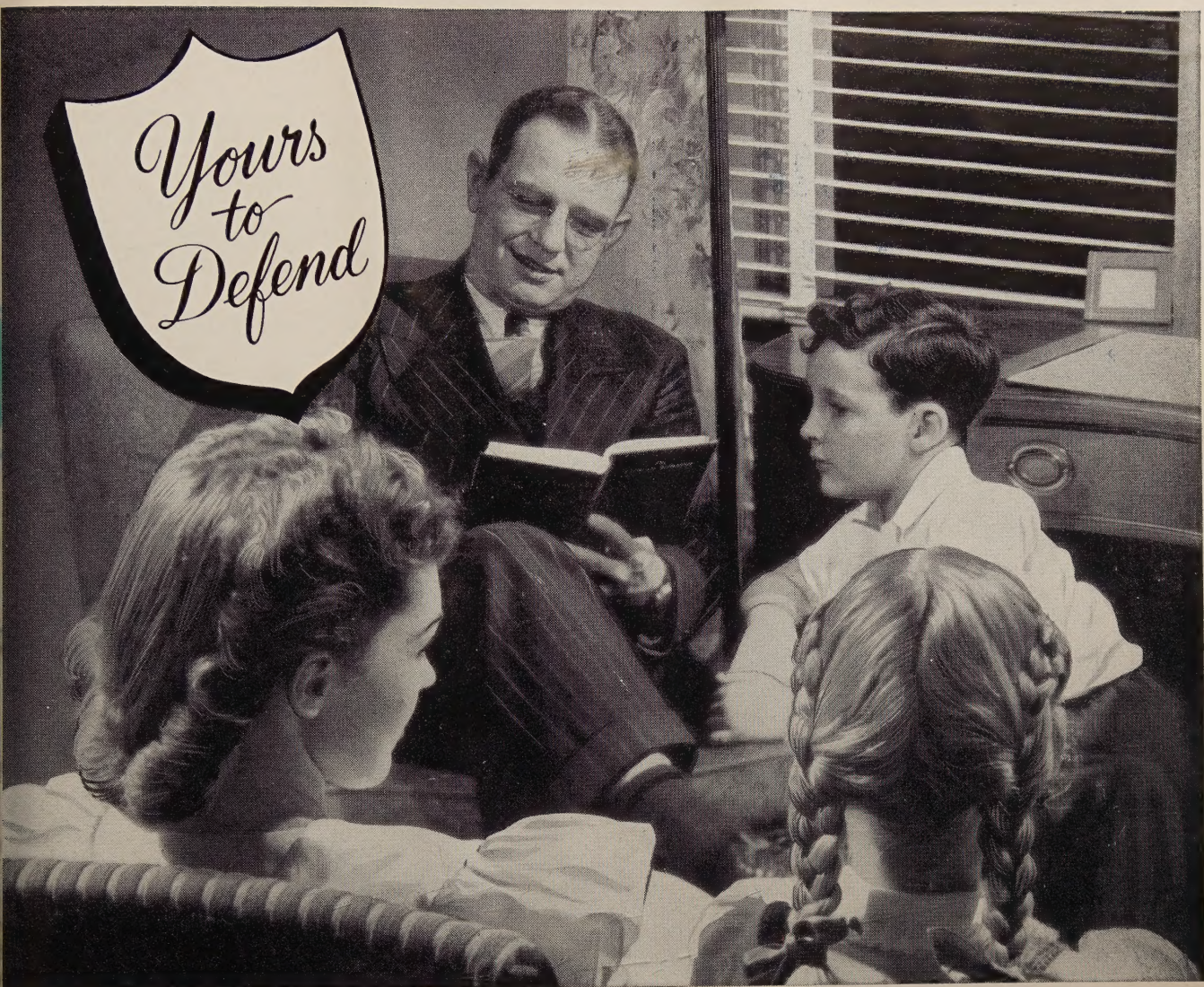
## Does Vassar Have the Answer?

A recent survey of Vassar College graduates reveals that only three per cent of them have been divorced. This is a rather remarkable record in the face of the national average which has been nearly at the rate of one out of four marriages ending in divorce.

Another interesting fact which the survey shows is that Vassar graduates tend to have more children than the general average. Over one third of the total number of graduates have two or more children.

Perhaps sometime in the future *Hearthstone* may be able to present an article that will explore the reason for this high degree of marriage stability among Vassarites.





## STABILITY OF THE HOME

EASY morals, thrill seeking and rampant disloyalties pose a threat to family life in America as deadly in their way as nuclear fission when used to kill and destroy.

In stemming the tide of license and paganism—in preserving the stability of the home—the churches are looked upon for leadership. To that leadership your local program in Christian education can contribute vitally.

But it must be a strong, ably directed program . . . using lesson materials based on the Bible . . . interpreting God's Word according to the convictions of your own church family . . . tying in local objectives

with denominational goals, and adding your voice to a powerful, far-reaching witness.

Such are the materials fashioned to your hand by your own church publishing house. Dare you be less adequately equipped when crusading for all that you hold dear?

## PROGRESS through Cooperation

YOU NEED YOUR PUBLISHING HOUSE:  
YOUR PUBLISHING HOUSE NEEDS YOU

**The American Baptist Publication Society  
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Make it your traveling  
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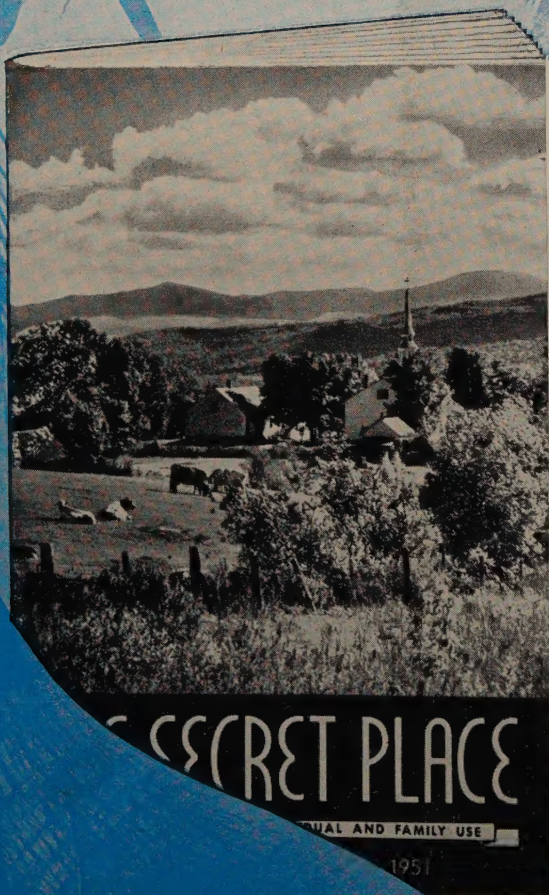
FAR FROM THE HEAT and the grime of the city, along woodland trails, amid quiet scenes—there it is pleasant to meditate . . . and profitable, too. In such surroundings false values disappear.

The practice of family devotionals is not something to be discarded for the summer. Indeed, in the nearness of God's handiwork, family worship assumes a deeper, richer significance, going with you wherever your vacation takes you.

For those treasured moments of devotion, **THE SECRET PLACE** is an ideal guide. Valiant Christians speak—one for each day of three months—sharing rich experiences which illuminate the Scriptures and direct your thoughts toward God.

If you have not yet discovered this treasure of inspiration which your church group publishes, get acquainted with it this vacation and make your recreation *re-creation*.

*In lots of 10 or more mailed to one address—10 cents a copy. (Churches may buy on consignment, return unused copies.) Individual subscription (4 issues, paid in U.S.A. or Canada)—50 cents a year. Single copies, 15 cents each.*



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